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THE TWO SPAINS

by Desmond Fennell

Congressional Hearings

SPOTLIGHT ON LABOR

by John C. Cort

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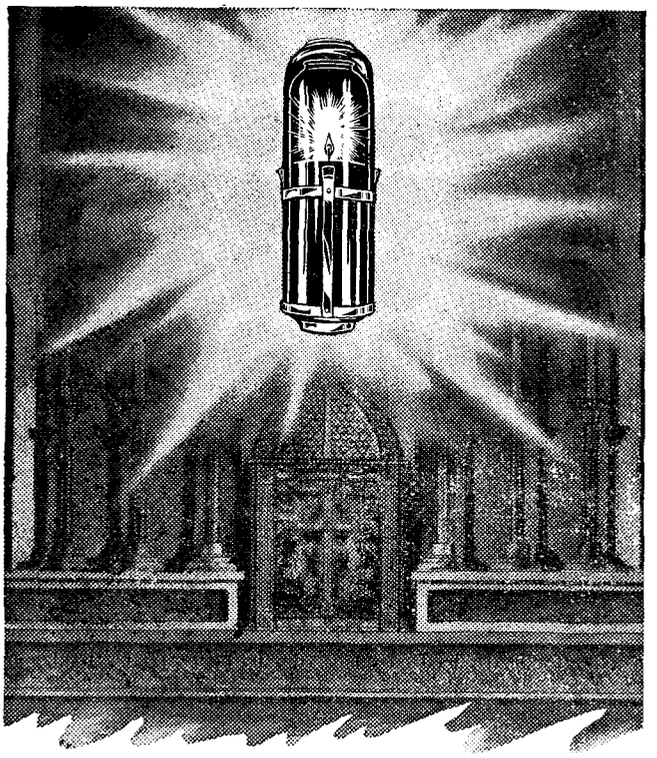

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THE COMMONWEAL
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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Contributing Editors
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

WHICH WAY?

NOT LONG AGO a rather lavish TV production of Shakespeare led to the claim that on this occasion more people saw a Shakespeare play than had witnessed the man's works during his whole lifetime and the intervening centuries—presumably even including countless high school renditions. This was a heady conclusion, doubtless the most striking single claim in a growing chorus as to the giant strides being registered in the postwar era by American mass culture.

Some of the other indices now cited are considerably more modest, but it is undeniable that they add up to an impressive total. There is, for instance, nothing negligible about the hundreds of community orchestras and the thousands of local choral groups that have been organized in this country during the past decade. Figures for attendance at American art exhibits and art festivals plus substantial increases in the membership rolls of leading art museums in metropolitan centers point in a similar direction.

That this is hardly limited to a passive or appreciative relationship to the arts is confirmed by the sales figures for musical instruments, artists' materials and home-decorating equipment. It is also borne out by the proliferation of local "little theater" groups.

Greater interest in music is indicated in many ways. The development of long-playing records has proved a boon to music-lovers. As a striking local example, clients of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh have borrowed half again as many records, mostly classical, as they borrowed even last year. Hi-fi equipment is a current requirement of many devotees of various kinds of music.

Several American publishers have had spectacular success with their imposing series of paperbound books. The large sales of these high-quality paperbacks point to one of the most important cultural developments of the postwar decade. Booksellers and publishers are also making much of the fact that non-fiction titles comprise a much greater proportion of their sales than hitherto. Others cite the thirty millions pursuing adult education.

In the latter two instances considerable discounting would have to be done. Reference to bestseller charts would all too readily disclose how few of the most popular current non-fiction titles could be fairly designated as serious reading. And local adult education programs include many such courses as contract bridge, better golf, the stock market, and several types of national cookery.

IN GENERAL, those who hold that true culture is standing still, if not actually declining in the United States today, tend to ascribe the aforementioned facts and figures to better personal incomes, keeping up with the Joneses in the suburbs, and longer leisure hours—rather than to any increased interest in ideas or the creative arts.

But, more than that, such gloomy prophets often tend to look back with nostalgia to those days when the school curriculum had a more solid content, when the classics had a leading role, when there was a certain body of knowledge considered requisite for an education. They contrast this picture with the scholastic requirements and achievements resulting from today's crowded classrooms and teacher shortages. Many lament the distinguished journals of opinion that have vanished from the American scene in recent years, the vogue for picture and scandal magazines and the contrast between the editorial level of a periodical such as the *Saturday Evening Post* with what it was a few years back.

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With schooling, ability to read, travel, exposure to various cultural influences and leisure so much more widespread in America today, can it be decided with any firm certainty whether the people of the United States are moving ahead culturally or the reverse? There are no counterparts here to the parks of rest and culture or the strength-through-joy organizations whereby modern dictators have nurtured their people. As in so many other spheres of activity Americans rely heavily on the interplay of the market place; cultural trends in the United States reflect the individual's reactions to many competing, or simply diverging, forces.

The evidences that America's cultural visage is changing are manifold. One way to attempt an evaluation of the net result is by observing conversations: how many would seem actually to reflect a genuine interest in ideas for their own sake —as compared with the 1940's? Such personal findings would admittedly be of limited statistical worth. Another means of judging would be to weigh the chances that the abundant means now available for presenting ideas and artistic achievements wholesale will be adequately utilized in an era of expanding leisure.

FALL FROM DISGRACE

A SHORT TIME ago John Kasper was something of a power in the South. As a speaker, he was effective enough to achieve his purpose. And his purpose was to arouse his audiences to a high pitch of racial hatred and fear.

His major triumphs took place in Clinton, Tennessee, where desegregation was being accepted quietly if grudgingly. John Kasper, who was born in New Jersey, descended upon Clinton to help preserve the mastery of the white race. Because of his initial actions he was soon jailed. While he was in jail the school integration program proceeded quietly and effectively.

As soon as he was released from jail, Kasper delivered a harangue, recruited active followers, and created the conditions for a full-fledged riot. He would not, he proclaimed, leave town until the schools were freed from the danger of desegregation. For the inflamed people of the community Kasper became a rallying point and his name a herald of victory. He promised that he would remain in Clinton, that he would establish a headquarters for the Tennessee White Citizens Council, and that he would attack every effort made to implement the decision of the Supreme Court. He was, at that time, one of the highest luminaries in the segregationist sky.

But then the awful truth was revealed. John Kasper had once run an interracial bookstore in Greenwich Village and had even dated Negro girls. At first, Kasper's followers refused to believe such horrible statements and dismissed them as slander. But the truth quietly persisted and the people of Clinton knew that John Kasper, however he defended himself, was insincere in his speeches about the Negroes.

Now, this man who once swayed the rabble with his speeches, is no longer accepted by them. "Nobody'll have anything to do with him," said a resident of Clinton. "You'd think he had leprosy." The truth of this statement is evident from the reception recently accorded to Kasper by the Ku Klux Klan. Although he had been told he would not be allowed to speak, John Kasper attended the Klan meeting. But when the Klan speaker heard that Kasper was in the crowd he told him he was not wanted. Kasper was run off from the meeting and then ejected from a cafe. Kasper's day in the headlines has drawn to a close. He was rejected by the very rabble that had once rallied around him. In his fall from segregationist power, John Kasper takes with him some of the foolish hate and fear he stirred up. May it sink with him into obscurity.

NEXT WEEK

CHARLES M. HERZFELD discusses the advantages and possible dangers involved in the use of atomic energy for power and medical purposes.

"The problems raised by 'peaceful' atomic energy are immense and grave—ranging from the dangers of radiation to the possibility of contamination of the seas. All available evidence shows, however, that with the increasing pressures of a growing world population on natural resources, there is literally nowhere else to turn. . . . The only long-range escape is afforded by atomic energy sources."

SLASHING THE BUDGET

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has been forced to appeal directly to the people in an effort to salvage as much as he can of his sadly battered budget. And, strange as it seems in the land where everybody likes Ike, the effect his appeal will have is

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problematic. The President now finds his entire program in jeopardy, because a budget is merely the fiscal implementation of administrative policy. Drastic reductions in appropriations for the mutual security program, agriculture, schools, and health and welfare measures will mean that these fundamentals of the President's program will at best not be carried out as he planned, or will in some cases be abandoned altogether.

How did this situation come about? There are many factors involved, of course, but much of the responsibility for the Administration's present woes must be placed squarely on the shoulders of the President himself.

Until very recently his statements in defense of his budget were ambiguous and vacillating, and were offset by a barrage of contradictory pronouncements from the members of his Cabinet. Even as he submitted his budget to Congress, he apologized for its size and invited Congress to reduce it. As he might have known, the invitation was taken up with alacrity. When his Secretary of the Treasury denounced the budget in the famous "curl your hair" statement, the President said, in effect, that he disagreed flatly with Mr. Humphrey and yet there was no great disagreement between them. Whatever else it did, this piece of mystification in no way checked the ardor of the economizers. And as other members of the Cabinet, leading Republican Congressmen, and Elder Statesman Herbert Hoover made similar, almost daily attacks on the budget, the President replied only with a pained aloofness, or with mild observations that Congress indeed had a duty to try to reduce the budget.

The economy bloc in Congress—Old Guard Republicans and Southern conservatives—met little opposition, and the economy drive turned into an irresponsible, ax-swinging jamboree. With a keen eye for political advantage, Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson joined the pack, and he is now hurling at the President the cries of "foreign giveaway" and "waste" which were used not long ago to harass Democratic Presidents.

Although Mr. Eisenhower is on record as saying that a budget reduction of as much as two billion dollars was impossible "if we are to wage peace abroad and try to provide the leadership and services at home that our people demand," he has already agreed to reductions of between two and three billion. And this compromise has only whetted the appetites of the budget-trimmers. Noting the concessions with satisfaction, Senator Styles Bridges now urges the President to "bear down a little more heavily . . . in his voluntary reductions."

If it is too late to turn this stampede, it is President Eisenhower himself who failed to act when action was called for, whose characteristic dislike for political showdowns led him to ignore a responsibility that was clearly his. Much as he might like it, the President cannot be all things to all men. Some issues have to be met head on. Because we believe in the programs he is fighting for, we wish him success as, a little late, he meets this one.

THE CASE OF FRANK COSTELLO

SIX YEARS ago, the Kefauver Committee made Frank Costello a nationally known figure, and he has been a marked man ever since. These days he is fair game for anyone and everyone.

As almost everyone who can read knows by now, a few weeks ago an unidentified assailant took a shot at Costello and narrowly missed killing him. Then, while he was being treated in the hospital, police went through his clothes without his consent and found a slip of paper which clearly referred to gambling operations. Armed with a photostatic copy of this, New York officials had Costello haled before the grand jury for questioning.

The man the papers like to call the prime minister of the underworld has already been convicted of income tax evasion; he was out on bail only because a review of his case by the Supreme Court is pending. When that matter is settled, he also faces denaturalization proceedings which may mean deportation from the United States. Confronted with the slip of paper taken from his pocket, therefore, Costello refused to answer questions on the grounds that he might incriminate himself—as he very clearly might have, it seems to us. Nonetheless, he was promptly given thirty days in jail for contempt of court, with the prospect, according to the papers, that after his thirty days are up he will be brought back again to be asked the same question. Since he will presumably again refuse to answer, he will then go back to jail for thirty more days. And so it can go on, apparently, with Costello shuttling back and forth between grand jury and jail *ad infinitum*—hardly what the Founding Fathers had in mind when they ruled out self-incrimination. In circumstances like these, it is customary for editors to say that they hold no brief for men like Frank Costello. We are not going to belabor that point; it should be obvious. But we do hold a brief for our legal system and due process of law. This fact should not put us in a minority position, but, sad to say, more and more often lately it seems that it does.

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Power of the Purse

"OVERPOPULATION AND SCARCITY OF ECONOMIC RESOURCES MAKE THE MIDDLE EAST ONE OF THE WORST SLUMS OF THE WORLD"

ROBERT C. GOOD

DEAN ACHESON is not, perhaps, what many would call an impartial critic of our Middle East foreign policy. But he turns a good phrase, and now and then lights up a dark corner. For example, before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs last January, he said that "the President's message on the Middle East is not a statement of policy but an invitation to devise one." Mr. Acheson, a traditionalist who thinks that "a policy should be formulated before it is announced," invited the Administration to do its own devising. Given time, maybe it will. But so far the Administration has appeared content to pronounce doctrines, to publish box scores on how many Middle East countries are lining up for us and how many against (the more inclusive your definition of the "Middle East," the higher the percentage runs in our favor), and to send a roving ambassador to the area with $200 million jangling in his jeans. All of this makes good copy. It may even be important. But it isn't policy—at least, not yet.

The difference between the Doctrine and real policy became apparent the moment President Eisenhower stopped reading his pronouncement and Congress started raising its inevitable questions. The most troublesome questions were about economic aid.

Not many really questioned the use of American troops to checkmate a Communist-inspired attack in the Middle East—once, that is, Senate Democrats were satisfied that primary responsibility for taking such action rested with the executive. But everyone agreed that wide-open aggression was not likely, at least not as likely as the slow ascendancy of Communism through subversion, through manipulating mass discontent, or through offers of aid "made in the U.S.S.R." To meet these dangers, the President offered the economic arm of his Doctrine: authorization to spend $200 million annually in the general area of the Middle East, no Congressional strings attached and no questions asked.

But the questions came in big bunches. Who would get the aid, how much, and for what? How big a slice of the $200 million would go for economic, as against military, aid? Was it smart to tie economic aid to the military commitment called for in the doctrine? What plans were there for massive, regional development programs designed to blast loose the economic and social *status quo* in the Middle East?

For sixty days, Congress and the press asked questions. For sixty days, the Administration talked about surveys and the unpredictability of developing events, and the importance of unfettered funds. "We are being asked to buy a pig in a poke," said Georgia's Senator Russell. In the end, Congress bought the poke, still not knowing much about the pig. The Administration was awarded discretionary spending authority for $200 million through June 30, 1957.

THE "GENERAL AREA of the Middle East" referred to in the President's Doctrine is a vast, fifteen-nation expanse stretching from Libya to Pakistan and from Turkey to Ethiopia. But the heart of the Middle East, where geography and oil combine to create an area of preeminent strategic importance, is the Arab world of the eastern Mediterranean. Economic development will lend stability and strength to the Middle East in general in proportion as it creates strength and stability in Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Here is the arena in which the West and the Soviet Union contend for influence.

This area has needed a king-sized development program ever since the thirteenth century, when Mongol hordes devastated the countryside, killing 800,000 people in one terrible week and leaving the Arab, like Cain, a wanderer on the face of the earth. In the dark ages which followed, Arab culture and learning, once the envy of the Western world, went into eclipse and the region fell prey to conquest and poverty. The conquerors have left, but not the endemic problems of overpopulation and scarcity of economic resources which today make the Middle East one of the worst slums of the world.

In Egypt, for example, seventeen million peasants fight for survival on a green strip of land only eleven miles wide bordering the Nile River. Half the popu-

Mr. Good is a member of the staff of the Social Science Foundation of the University of Denver.

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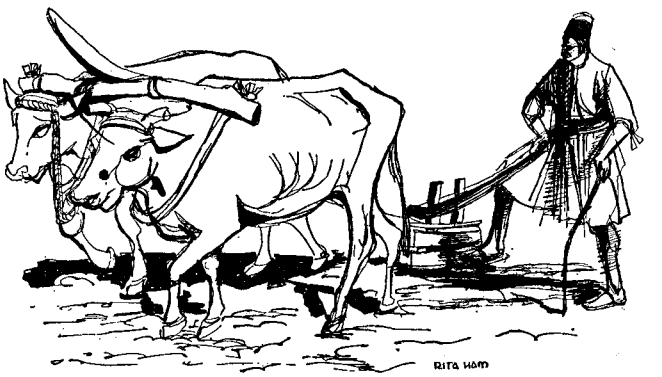
lation is sickened with malaria and trachoma, but still the birth rate so far outstrips the appalling death rate that experts predict Egypt's population will double in the next forty years. "I feel utterly humble before the economic and social situation in Egypt," once commented Lebanon's respected philosopher-statesman, Charles Malik. "No matter how I stretch my mind, I see no possibility of the Egyptian standard of living ever rising by Egyptian efforts alone to that, say, of France, or even Lebanon."

Lebanon, in fact, is high man on the Arab world's economic totem pole. The annual Gross National Product divided by the total population leaves Lebanon with a figure of $275. Jordan, Iraq and Egypt show annual per capita incomes of slightly over $100. In the United States, the figure is $2,345. A noted British economist, describing the condition of Arab peasants, summarized aptly: "They have no standard of living; anything less would be death."

A situation like this would appear to be made to order for a country whose specialty is progress, economic know-how, and money. A military guarantee could keep the Soviet bully from making direct advances; meanwhile the endangered countries could be put on their feet (and won for the West) by a massive economic development program. Or as President Eisenhower expressed it: "You cannot do the things that need to be done . . . merely with arms. You have got to . . . make it possible for people to achieve something. . . . So to have one part of this without the other would destroy what we are really trying to do." This approach is neat and bold and pure, but it ignores several annoying facts. These facts are what many members of Congress and the press have raised their questions about. They are an important part of the economic and political environment which must be taken into account before the President's pronouncement about developing "economic strength dedicated to the maintenance of national independence" can be translated into firm, realistic policy.

IN SOME CASES, American aid has been offered and not accepted. In other cases, American aid has been given and not used. Syria, xenophobic and anti-West, has never accepted Point Four aid. Saudi Arabia, feudal and anti-progress, accepted $238 million in technical assistance, then abruptly brought the program to a close in 1954. According to the International Cooperation Administration's latest summaries, Egypt, Lebanon and Jordan have received a total of $84.1 million for development assistance for the five-year period ending September 30, 1956. As of that date, only $42.6 million had been spent. Forty-nine per cent of the obligated funds which we wanted to spend still remained in the U.S. Treasury. Obviously, these statistics might imply many things. But one thing is certain and that is that money alone cannot do the job. This is slightly disconcerting to Americans who thought that a "moral" America would naturally be welcomed where the "imperialist" British and French had been tossed out, and who stoutly believed that "money talks" even when all else fails.



Taking the region as a whole, there is no scarcity of indigenous development capital. As one Senator observed during the recent hearings on the Doctrine, the Middle East has "very considerable assets—liquid assets." Royalties to Arab oil-producing states bring in something like $900 million annually. But only Iraq and the tiny sheikdom of Kuwait (a British protectorate at the head of the Persian Gulf) are investing large sums from their oil income for development purposes. And the oil "haves" are as yet unwilling to invest in regional development projects which would prove beneficial as well to the oil "have nots."

Only broad-gauge, regional projects can hope to make any impression on the primordial economic problems of the Middle East. Arab nationalists ignore political frontiers in their references to the Arab "nation." Their idealism disregards the fratricidal strife which still characterizes Arab politics, but it makes sound economic sense. Water is the Middle East's most fundamental problem and as the U.N. Economic Survey Mission for the Middle East observes, "rivers show little regard for man-made boundaries." The experts tell us that the Nile cannot be exploited fully for irrigation and power until the problem is tackled cooperatively by Egypt and the Sudan, with Ethiopia, Tanganyika, Uganda and the Belgian Congo all sitting in. Full development of the Tigris and Euphrates means that Turkey, Syria and Iraq must someday play ball together. And the famous Jordan River cannot be harnessed until Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Israel bury their differences.

Everywhere that regionalism is demanded, political barriers block progress. We Americans have learned this unpleasant fact the hard way. For three trying years, special U.S. ambassador Eric Johnson labored to bring to birth a junior-sized TVA in the Jordan

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valley. What was at stake were 125,000 acres of irrigated land, hydroelectric power to establish small industries, and a decent livelihood for upwards of 200,000 people, including a sizable number of Palestinian refugees. In October 1955, Johnston achieved the impossible. A committee of Arab and Israeli experts approved the technical aspects of the plan. But a short time later the whole idea was tabled—in effect, vetoed—reportedly by Syria acting at the behest of Egypt. The Jordan Valley Authority was a casualty of the Arab-Jewish feud.

NO ONE is suggesting that all further aid to the Middle East be discontinued pending the millennial dawn. Our recent $10 million investment in Jordan's independence was wisely spent. Development and technical assistance to friendly governments should be continued and as feasible projects are developed, increased. Economic assistance to Lebanon might well be expanded to include low interest loans for slum-clearance projects in Beirut, Tripoli and Sidon. Jordan could profit from an oil refinery and a processing plant for extracting valuable potash from Dead Sea waters. And Iraq, which stands an even chance of pulling herself up by her own bootstraps with an ambitious development program financed by her own oil royalties, should be given every possible assistance.

But for the most part, aid administered locally will represent a stop-gap, not a fundamental change in the economic *status quo,* and in itself not a sufficient deterrent to expanding Soviet influence. Ironically, it is beginning to look as if the most significant line in the speech delineating the Eisenhower Doctrine was the confession that "this program will not solve all the problems of the Middle East." For the unpleasant reality seems to be that large-scale regional development, upon which the strength and stability of the Middle East ultimately rest, must wait for a political *rapprochement* primarily between Arabs and Jews, but also between Arabs and Arabs—and these political problems the Doctrine avoids entirely.

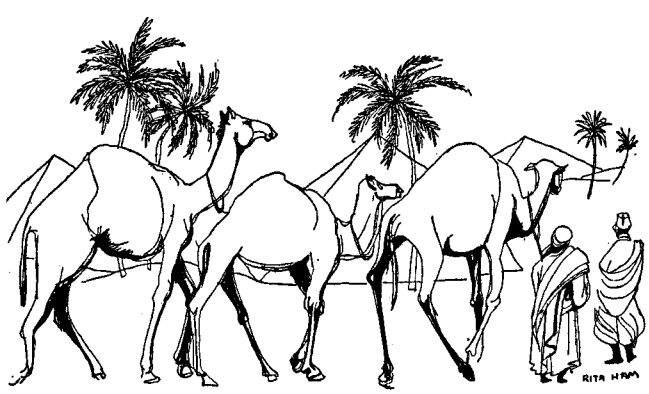
Our British friends, who are wiser in the ways of the world than we are, understood this immediately. The week the Eisenhower Doctrine was announced, the London *Times* noted that "as much interest . . . will be aroused by the American handling of the canal question . . . as by the general measure which the President recommends to Congress." And the *Manchester Guardian* observed that it was nonsense "to believe that the Middle East can be consolidated without tackling the problem of Arab hostility to Israel." It is probably true that Soviet influence in the Middle East will remain in proportion to the continuing unrest generated by Palestine and Suez.

Hamilton Fish Armstrong, the learned editor of *Foreign Affairs* and author of a special Congressional study on aid programs in the Middle East, concludes the following: "Economic aid can be fully effective only if it is one part of a larger program, political as well as economic, that aims both . . . to resolve the existing acute causes of insecurity and strife in the region and to begin constructing the bases of security and cooperation."

Mr. Armstrong suggests we aim at arranging a *modus vivendi* between Jordan (which in recent weeks has become more susceptible to Western inducements than ever) and Israel. This accommodation would have to involve a stabilization of frontiers, the return of a specified number of Jordan's refugees to Israel and the absorption of the remainder in the Jordanian economy. The inducement of course would be the prospect for Jordan of long-term loans, offered possibly through the U.N.; for Israel, further loans would be contingent upon her compliance; and for both states, we would offer a security guarantee. Parenthetically, it might be that Saudi Arabia and Iraq could now be persuaded to invest in Jordan a small part of their oil income, thus beginning the process of prying loose Middle East money for Middle East development. The log jam in Arab-Jewish relations once broken, we would insist that participation in a truly regional development scheme be limited to those states who were willing to arrange a similar *modus vivendi* with Israel.

This particular plan, as Mr. Armstrong recognizes, may prove unworkable. But it is headed in the right direction. American policy, if it is to be policy and not just "an invitation to devise one," must adjust itself to the political facts of life in the Middle East. The intractable problems of the area are not about to fall, like the walls of Jericho, at the sounding of the American trumpet. Rather, weak spots in the wall must be found and worked at.

This involves bargaining, the careful use of the carrot and the stick—in short, all these devices which an antiseptic morality abhors. But one would think that responsible morality would have to be defined in relation to existing centers of power and allowed to use power to creative ends. Sometimes it appears that we would rather be right than be relevant.



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The Two Spains

DESMOND FENNELL

THE MAIN REASON for the ineffectiveness of Spain in the modern world continues to be a problem of conscience. Economics, politics, education, social justice are all, of course, important problems, but they are subsidiary to the problem of conscience. The question for Spaniards is "In what state of mind are we as Spaniards to approach and grapple with all the everyday problems that beset us and hold us circling around a stake while the world moves on?" No other European nation that once played a leading role in European culture and politics, indeed in the history of the world, has sunk into such a state of exhaustion and isolation.

The problem is akin to that problem of conscience that afflicted generations of Russians until Lenin solved the dilemma once for all. At its center it hinges on the spiritual acceptance or rejection of the modern world. It may seem a very late hour for such a question to remain undecided, when many of us are beginning to think in terms of a world we must call post-modern, but the very lateness of the hour aggravates the crisis of the Spanish soul. Making the dilemma even more crucial is the fact that willy-nilly, while Spain's thinking element is failing to make up its mind, completely modern phenomena are changing the objective reality of Spanish society. These phenomena include a proletarization of the middle classes, which will probably go down in history as the only single case where Marxian theory on this point was verified, and a simultaneous "Americanization" of society, especially of its more advanced levels, in the sense made current by the writings of David Riesman.

The question is, strictly speaking, not so simple as "modern or not modern." The Civil War led to a terrible stagnation of Spanish creative powers—partly by driving into exile or bludgeoning into silence the more creative elements in Spanish society—but it did serve to simplify the conscience question. Before the Civil War this was three-pronged. The warring issues were tradition, rejection of tradition, and assimilation of the new with respect for the old. An essential split occurred between the first and the other two. Diehard traditionalism was opposed by the rejecters and the innovators, and there emerged what Spaniards termed the Two Spains. The most brilliant and the most generous minds were usually to be found among the innovators, who accepted the old Spanish tradition for as long as it had been vital and wished to use its purified principles to fashion a new Spanish tradition out of the stuff of the modern world. To this group belonged most of the names that have maintained Spain's presence in the world of thought and letters—Unamuno, Azorín, Ortega y Gasset, Machado, all the great generation of '98 and their followers, who had what Robert Frost would have called "a lover's quarrel" with their country.

SINCE THE CIVIL WAR the issue is between two alternatives. The rejecters—anti-religious and contemptuous of the Spanish tradition—have almost vanished. Both the main contending parties now recognize the value of the old Spanish Catholic tradition—the so-called "orthodox" tradition—as a basis for development, and both admit the urgent necessity of accepting the modern world *materially*. Insofar as they diverge sharply, however, they might be called the single-truth intransigents and the dialectical reconcilers.

The single-truth intransigents believe in the necessity of a permanent *spiritual* rejection of the modern world subsequent to the Enlightenment or Reformation and hence of the "Other Spain"—the "Europeanizing" cultural tradition of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Their intellectual fountainhead and mentor is Menéndez y Pelayo, a generous anti-modern traditionalist. One of their leading writers—certainly their most notorious—is Rafael Calvo Serer. He wrote a book in 1949 called *Spain without a Problem*, which aimed to show that no problem exists in Spain if tradition is accepted and the Other Spain rejected and if Spain resumes in a twentieth-century sense at the point where tradition left off developing about 250 years ago. The fact that Professor Serer is also a convinced monarchist may be significant, but it is of strictly secondary importance to his intellectual position.

The dialectical reconcilers hold that Spaniards must cherish the heritage of the Two Spains and find a place for them in their national conscience, going on directly from a point above and beyond but *including* all the positive issues which came to a tragic head in the Civil War. They castigate the Spanish progressives

Mr. Fennell spent several years as a teacher in Spain. This is his second appearance in The Commonweal.

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—the rejecters—who betrayed the great European liberal tradition in their servile attempts at imitating it and dared despise the Spanish religious tradition, thereby cutting themselves off from their own cultural roots. But no Spaniard who suffered what Unamuno called the *dolor de España*—he hated the Spain he lived in, so much did he love Spain—can be excluded from the Spanish tradition.

ONE OF THE leading representatives of the dialectical reconcilers is Pedro Laín Entralgo, who was removed from his post as Rector of Madrid University last winter. A two-volume collection of his essays, called *Spain as a Problem*, appeared in Madrid last year and was scarcely noticed in the Spanish press. Politically—again it is only of incidental importance—Laín Entralgo would probably incline to a republican form of government. His wish, he writes, is "to build bridges between what is different and separate, so that dispersion may be changed into community." "The efficacity and value of human achievement in history are rooted in a dramatic and dangerous equilibrium between tradition and renewal, between the permanent and the unexpected."

In the preface he hopes for a Spain where the best of St. Ignatius and of Unamuno, of St. Thomas Aquinas and of Ortega y Gasset can coexist. He attacks the "sluggards and the terrorists who condemn his venture as eclecticism and, with no ability to discern, talk of the irreconcilability of truth and error." To support him he calls on the youth of the country, appealing to them not to be "readers of one book" and not to let fall into oblivion the intellectual creations of their fathers and grandfathers. The way advocated by Laín Entralgo would seem to be the only solution of the Spanish dilemma, if a specter of the worth that has been excised from their consciousness is not to haunt later generations of Spaniards. Truth is unique, but men perceive it differently and no man on this earth perceives it fully. That is the gravest fallacy in the single-truth position. For Spaniards to deny that Spain remains a problem is for them to shut their eyes; but with good sense and generosity it is not an insoluble problem.

Don Quixote was a single-truth man, more lovable than most of them. But he got himself and others into a great deal of trouble by seeing things only from his point of view. (He was lovable from a safe distance!) How un-quixotic are the aspirations of the present youth of Spain may be judged from a survey of opinion made recently at a Spanish university. It showed that the countries the students admired most were Switzerland, Sweden and England, in that order. Anyone who knows the Spanish youth of today can vouch for the reality of the aspirations such preferences betray.

CONGRESSIONAL HEARINGS

Spotlight on Labor

JOHN C. CORT

IF YOU HAVE heard any loud thuds lately, it was probably just Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa, hitting the canvas in the first round of the McClellan Committee's investigation of corruption in the field of labor-management relations. Fighters sometimes get off the canvas and come back to win, but the odds against either of these gentlemen coming back seem long indeed.

Beck, president of the Teamsters Union, pleaded the Fifth Amendment over one hundred times in refusing to answer charges that he took $320,000 from the Teamsters' treasury for his own pleasure and profit. A few days later the AFL-CIO executive council suspended him as a vice-president and ordered him up for trial. An income tax evasion rap also appears to be in the offing.

The blow that stretched out Hoffa was not delivered in the committee room. He has not yet been summoned. It took the form of an indictment on well-documented charges of bribing a lawyer to get a job with the McClellan Committee and feed him inside documents and inside information. Few of us thought that Jimmy would be so foolish, or so desperate.

Of course Jimmy has the best criminal lawyer in Washington and the word is around that he plans to plead entrapment. A man is innocent until proven guilty, but right now it looks dim for the tough and ascetic young man (no drink, no smoke, no expensive clothes) who figured to be the next president of the rich and mighty Teamsters.

The American Civil Liberties Union has rebuked the AFL-CIO for taking the position, on which they mainly acted to suspend Beck, that no union official has a right to hold union office if he invokes the Fifth Amendment

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"for his personal protection and to avoid scrutiny by proper legislative committees."

Bill Wells, writing in *Labor Life,* organ of the Catholic Labor Guild of Boston, has joined the criticism of the AFL-CIO council. He says, "The person or group who threatens another with punishment for using the amendment is attacking the heart of this basic constitutional protection." These words would seem to be directed particularly to George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, and Mr. Walter Reuther, vice-president of the same and former president of the CIO.

I respectfully dissent from the views expressed by Wells and the ACLU. The AFL-CIO has the right to set up its own standards of conduct for union officers. It is not saying that the officers have to go to jail if they plead the Fifth Amendment, or that they cannot work at a trade and belong to any affiliated union. It simply says that they cannot aspire to the position of union officer, a position which gives a man control over the economic destinies of hundreds, thousands, perhaps millions of workers.

THE FIFTH Amendment is an essential protection for innocent and guilty alike. But it cannot prevent the natural human conclusion that a man who refuses to answer a charge in open court may well be guilty of the charge. Of course the AFL-CIO cannot themselves do anything about Beck's position as president of the Teamsters.

There is a good chance, however, that the Teamsters may take matters into their own hands and throw out Beck, Hoffa and Company at their own convention (held only once every five years) next September. Bill Lee, vice-president from Chicago, has already announced he will accept nomination as president. Tom Flynn, chairman of the Eastern Conference, is another possibility. John English, the crusty old secretary-treasurer, who has already bucked Beck openly on several occasions, is probably too advanced in years to be interested. The only danger is that the more decent elements will not be able to get together on a single candidate and that the Beck-Hoffa forces will ride back in, probably on the shoulders of some willing stooge. For as of now both of them would seem to be too much for even such a strong-stomached group as the Teamsters to digest.

It is difficult to estimate the over-all impact of the McClellan investigation. Nothing like it has hit the labor movement since the New York Crime Commission threw the public spotlight on the lower depths existing in the International Longshoremen's Association, which was subsequently expelled from the AFL. But today's exposé is on a bigger scale and played on a much bigger stage. And before it's over, there will be other important unions dragged through the muck. The Bakery and Confectionery Workers. Operating Engineers, Carpenters, Common Laborers, Electrical Workers—all formerly AFL unions—are on the docket.

This will leave 130 international unions uninvestigated and presumably carrying a clean bill of health. The danger is that too many people are going to assume, not merely that those union officials who plead the Fifth are guilty, but that all union officials without exception are guilty. Our press, which looks with such a benign and tolerant eye upon the sins of management, is already playing up the news in such a way as to indicate that the only people in the world who ever took a dishonest dollar are those wearing union buttons.

There could be a dangerous reaction in the form of more "right-to-work" laws and other legislation that would unnecessarily hamper and shackle all trade unions.

But failing this, it would seem that the investigation is going to be good for labor. Some remedial legislation may be necessary. And there is no question but that both the leaders and rank-and-file of our American unions needed to be shaken up.

THIS LATTER point was made by Monsignor George G. Higgins, director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, when he spoke to the Atlantic City convention of the United Auto Workers. He had just been appointed one of seven "public members" to serve on a kind of watch-dog committee, or union supreme court, to which any member of the UAW could appeal any matter of discipline or complaint against his officers. This in itself was evidence of the good effects of the current criticism. (The Upholsterers use a similar board. Other unions should follow suit.)

"Labor is now discovering," he said, "that no particular class of people in society has a monopoly on virtue, not even the workers. If the belated discovery of this self-evident truth is temporarily causing the labor movement a certain amount of embarrassment and discomfiture, in the long run it will undoubtedly be good for its soul. It will develop within the labor movement a certain sense of humility, and humility, after all, is the mother of all the other virtues."

Monsignor Higgins also made the valid point that the union leaders who have been guilty of public crime "are merely symbols of a decline in moral and spiritual values on the part of the rank-and-file, which shows itself principally in a lack of interest in union affairs and an unwillingness to relate the principles of religion and morality to the everyday problems of the labor movement." They tell me that the delegates took it well, as they should.

Lastly, I can't help pointing out that these revelations are something of a vindication for the work of the

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Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Even friends of ACTU used to be embarrassed and annoyed because the ACTU and its paper, *The Labor Leader,* were so often calling attention to the sins of union officers. Now "self-criticism" has become popular even at the highest levels of the labor movement.

A conscience is an awkward thing. But so far mankind has found no adequate substitute for it.

THE STAGE

A CAT MAY LOOK AT A COCKROACH

IN THE RECESSES of my memory, the figures of *archy and mehitabel* move with a special grace. Him, my instinct, bred willy-nilly, recognized at once: he was diligence and moral passion and fruitless aspiration, the transmigrated soul of a *vers libre* bard pent in a cockroach, doomed to the comic (*what a terrible tragedy not to make good with the tragic gods*), hurling himself headlong at the typewriter keys in a frenzy of thwarted communication (*expression is the need of my soul*). But mehitabel, randy and terrible, dazzled. In her, I first read the fatal design of the romantic, all that high lovely lure of excess. None knew so well as she the disproportion of life to the dream: none bore the diminished present with more gallantry, for in an earlier incarnation, had she not been Cleopatra, with bids to many elegant feeds in my time, dearie? And through it all, a lady, always a lady: a good mixer too—the life of the party—but nothing *vulgar*. (It was mehitabel who took as her motto: *to hell with anything unrefined.*) She was torn between domesticity and art, afflicted by the consequences of the heart (*life is one damned kitten after another*), and being liberal, she did not object to morality, as she told the investigators when they detained her at Ellis Island: indeed, she rather enjoyed the background it lent to her vivacity. Above all, she was a free spirit, questing and *toujours gai;* a lesson in the romantic will; asking no more of life than freedom and the garbage can, liberty and an occasional fish-head; yowling on back fences her moonlight sonata of *wotthehell wotthehell theres a dance in the old dame yet.*

"Shinbone Alley" exposes these fragile moths of poetry and zest to the dusty glare of Broadway, and they do not survive the new transmigration. It is not that the efforts of Mr. George Kleinsinger and Mr. Joe Darion want an honorable intention; only, rather, that they impose on a work of melancholy lyricism the veneer of sentiment and the vise of arbitrary form. *archy and mehitabel* is a sequence of passionate footnotes to the sad farce of life; it contains nothing of logic, and it is devoid of any anthropomorphic sentimental confusion. *chacun à son goût* is the most archy can say for mehitabel, and she, it will be darkly remembered, more than once casts on him the speculative eye of appetite.

Mr. Kleinsinger's score may have had, in its slighter version, a jaunty wit; it does exploit ingeniously the conventional feline possibilities of the orchestra. But a full evening stretches it into an amiable blur, a little coy and cloying in its expertise—nor is a French waltz tune, *à la* Piaf, the mode of mehitabel's irrepressible *toujours gai*. The usual "Vacant Lot Ballet" dribbles through the second act—some *dogs* make an appearance here, God save the mark—and the energy of the whole occasion is, indeed, markedly subdued. Mr. Eddie Bracken is a wry and pensive archy, however little he is given to do, yet I must protest the slur Miss Eartha Kitt and the librettist have imposed unwittingly on mehitabel. Miss Kitt prowls and pads deliciously about the stage, in the full panoply of her chic and saucy personality, but her mehitabel has no claws—it is pampered, purring and pale: a wan and languid Camille of the alleys. mehitabel may have spent too much of her life marrying at leisure and repenting in haste, and she did not enjoy violence (it affected her nerves), but she knew that an aristocrat must avenge an insult to her good name. Consider this passage from Mr. Don Marquis' chronicle of the reincarnated Cleopatra, when she has trapped a fluffy and deceitful tom who had done her dirt:

> you are the guy
> i said to him that was going to give
> me an easy life sheltered from all
> the rough ways of the world
> fluffy dear you don't know what the
> rough ways of the world are
> and i am going to show you
> i have got you out here
> in the great open spaces
> where cats are cats
> and im gonna make you understand
> the affections of a lady ain t to be
> trifled with by any slicker like you
> where is that red ribbon with the
> silver bells you promised me
> the next time you betray the trust
> of an innocent female
> reflect on whether she may
> carry a wallop little fiddle strings
> this is just a mild lesson i am giving
> you tonight i said as i took
> the fur off his back and you oughta
> be glad you didn t make me really
> angry my sense of dignity is all that
> saves you a lady little sweetness
> never loses her poise and i thank god

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i am always a lady even if i do
live my own life
i have been abducted again and again by
a dam sight better cats that you ever were
or will be
well archy the world is full of ups
and downs but toujours gai is my motto
cheerio my dearo

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

HE LAUGHS LAST WHO LAUGHS LAST

THE THREE COMEDIES reviewed this week, although quite dissimilar, all have two points in common: they try desperately hard to be funny and they dwell on popular themes about startled characters in unfamiliar surroundings. From France comes "The French They Are a Funny Race," which sets out to kid the personality characteristics of Frenchmen, and is really more of an international picture than a French one. Directed and written by Preston Sturges (who used to make hilarious satires in Hollywood), based on Pierre Daninos' amusing *The Notebooks of Major Thompson*, and starring Jack Buchanan as an English major living in Paris, Martine Carol as his beautiful wife and Noel-Noel as a typical Frenchman, the film was produced in both English and French language versions. Since the French version has proved such a hit on the Continent, I suspect the English version, which is shown here, doesn't come through quite as well. While the comedy is often very droll, it is also at times very dull. This may be due to the fact that Miss Carol, for all her beauty, doesn't speak English very well and is frequently not understandable; and then, too, the comedy is not always as funny as its producers think.

Using the slightest of plots—about the arguments between the Englishman and his French wife on the comparative merits of their peoples and histories and about the English governess (a screwball character whose name is something like Miss Phffft) whom the husband insists on hiring to educate their little son—the film consists mainly of a series of articles written by the major on the oddities of the French. These commentaries on the English as well as the French are more like a collection of illustrated spoofs than anything else. They laugh at and with the horsey English set, the French insistence on shaking hands, French attitudes toward taxes, red tape, sex, food and many other subjects. Both they and "The French They Are a Funny Race" are at their best when the wonderful French actor Noel-Noel is illustrating the point. He is the very epitome of Frenchness.

ALSO EXPLORING a foreign clime, but in an entirely different kind of way, is "Let's Be Happy." This old-fashioned musical comedy, complete with dialogue that leads to song-and-dance numbers, is about a Vermont girl (Vera-Ellen) of Scots parentage who inherits a small legacy and decides to spend it by going to the Edinburgh Festival. On the plane to Europe, she meets a man from Idaho (Tony Martin) who's hoping to market a washing machine that not only washes but irons, too. Tony sings to Vera-Ellen, he's smitten, and he follows her to Scotland. He doesn't get far with his suit because an impoverished laird (Robert Flemyng), overestimating the size of Vera-Ellen's tiny bankroll, starts rushing her with marriage in mind. Except for the color photography of scenery in and around Edinburgh and occasional flashes of the Festival, there is little distinguished about "Let's Be Happy." Vera-Ellen acts properly startled and stingy as an innocent abroad; and her dances should please those who lean toward the calisthenic school. Tony Martin sings pleasantly and longingly at her, but the music is no great shakes. Robert Flemyng is appropriately dashing and handsome as the poor peer who shows her the sights. Although "Let's Be Happy" isn't the light and merry musical comedy it's aiming to be, it may still interest the moviegoers who haven't approved of the changes in this art form since "Oklahoma!"

JEAN SIMMONS plays a kind of innocent abroad in "This Could Be the Night," a fast-moving comedy about a young New York school teacher, fresh out of college, who supplements her meager salary by taking a job as a secretary in a night club. What happens to this bookish Alice in Night Club Land is very funny indeed, especially when her bosses (Paul Douglas as an ex-bootlegger; Anthony Franciosa as a wise-guy of loose morals) over-protect her and then become attracted to her. Isobel Lennart's screenplay, written from short stories by Cordelia Baird Gross, is packed with bright dialogue; and Robert Wise has directed his cast so well that they all seem like real characters from New York's streets along the 50's or from the classroom which is shown every now and then. With Joan Blondell, Neile Adams, Julie Wilson, J. Carrol Naish, Rafeal Campos, Tom Helmore and others playing the night club workers and patrons with utmost of realism, the picture isn't exactly for audiences of tender sensibilities. It calls a spade a spade, and although the bosses try to protect Jean from the facts of night club life, no one attempts to fool the audience.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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THE DEATH OF JOE McCARTHY

THE DEATH of a political figure—especially of a highly controversial man—is sobering. I remember when Franklin D. Roosevelt died. His admirers were bowed with grief. That was to be expected. But his political enemies also put their partisan passion aside. Some of them, probably for the first time, looked at the late President as a man. They had been thinking about him as the Enemy for so long that this very reminder that he too was mortal and human tempered feelings, at least for a while.

After some time had passed and the immediate impact of Roosevelt's death was gone, the heat of partisanship was rekindled. A public figure is never so human as in the days immediately after his death is announced. In time the Hero or Villain image—the broad black-and-white strokes of politics—is restored and frozen in history. But the moment of truth is probably closest when death is first announced.

When Senator McCarthy died, many newspaper writers pointed out that he, above all contemporary personages, was either Hero or Villain. Such was the force of the Senator's personality, it was said again and again, that practically no one was neutral or indifferent to him and his influence.

But with death, the man from Wisconsin was restored to human size. Seen this way, he who had dominated the headlines for so long, whether as hero or villain, made his first full claim on human sympathy. People who fought him savagely in life prayed sincerely for him in death. Some who felt that he had grievously injured them found soft words to say for him. Death linked Joe McCarthy to all men, friend and critic alike, and most people were wise enough to recognize that. The essential tragedy of the man and of his brief hour of doomed power and glory overshadowed all political judgment when his measure was taken for the obituaries.

Even hostile newspapers reported that his neighbors spoke warmly of Senator McCarthy and that associates described him as a fellow who kept his door open to visitors and would pour a welcoming drink for near-strangers. Congressmen and Senators remembered that he was usually friendly and personally genial even when his official words were excessively bitter. Newsmen recalled individual instances of generosity.

Those who spoke well of him had not become sudden converts to the McCarthy cause. If tomorrow the worst Senator were being chosen, many of them would submit the name of the man from Wisconsin. Still, I don't think they were insincere.

We are taught that Heaven itself jealously counts our hidden virtues in the Particular Judgment. Similarly, at the time of death, the living seek out the good in the dead. The things sought are not great deeds so much as the hidden, quiet manners and ways that make a man his most human, a man among men. For better or worse, great deeds and momentous decisions are recalled; but it is from the smaller details of daily living that eulogies are woven.

Death is sobering. It reduces us all to size, and oddly enough, in doing so it usually adds to the human stature of every man. When a poor man, unknown in life, dies, his friends gather to retell his small virtues. When a mighty man dies, the stories are the same. The finest thing anyone can say about the great is that they shared some of the virtues of the humble.

The Christian believes that God wills the eternal salvation of all men. To pray for this is to offer the ultimate Good Wish. The Christian offers it to all men, not from a sense of duty but from a sense of humanity. Probably no man in public life was ever criticized more severely in these pages than Senator McCarthy. The magazine itself probably has never had such severe criticism as that which came from Senator McCarthy and his followers. If the same moral and political issues were to be faced again, each side would probably take the same position.

We are all united in that we are all involved in the human condition: we all see through a glass, darkly. In politics there is a natural tendency to personify principles, good or bad, and to identify them with individual men. Yet, each of us knows in his heart that he does not exemplify the purity of his own principles. It is foolish to turn the *odium politicum* against men and to wear even the best political principles as if they were richly deserved haloes. There are saints and sinners on both sides of every political battle. In the storm of controversy we usually forget this. We forget that most men, whatever their politics, are a mixture of virtue and weakness.

But death is sobering. It points up the things that unite men and diminishes those that separate them.

We die one by one and when we die we are no longer partisans. It is the priest, not the political analyst, who stands at our bedside. The priest's presence is a reminder that, however we dispute over passing questions, we are all members of one eternal Body. The essential unity that binds us to one another transcends the things that divide. It is this belief that keeps the man of faith from ever fully becoming the political True Believer. Because of that faith, Senator McCarthy —the center of so many bitter disputes—has gone to His Maker, fortified by the prayers of friends and critics alike.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Children Are Poor, Too

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

IN THE UNITED STATES there are approximatively twenty-five million families with children. On the other hand, only fifteen million people own their homes, and this includes single individuals and families without children. Even assuming that the majority of homeowners are families with children, the most generous estimate would still mean that many families with children do not enjoy home ownership. Perhaps half the parents, and maybe more, cannot bring up their children in the atmosphere of security which comes from owning one's home.

Does this state of affairs have an effect on children's reading? Who are the better readers? Children who enjoy a certain amount of physical and material security, or those who, lacking it, escape into the world of make-believe and fantasy?

Teachers and psychologists tell us that, generally speaking, insecurity engenders an inability to master the mechanics of reading, which require muscular and mental effort for coordination. If the unfavored child is so handicapped at the start, is that not all the more reason for placing in his hands the kind of book which may have the greatest chance of arousing his interest? This should be easy—the wonderful system of public libraries in America makes books available to practically every child, regardless of his family's economic status. So the question is: among the books written, published and at the disposal of children, are there some that might particularly appeal to those called, by euphemism, underprivileged children, meaning, plainly, poor children?

My intention is not to make rigid categories. In principle, any child can become interested in any book. Also I do not pretend that the problem of deficiency in reading can be solved simply by examining the contexts of books. Many other factors have to be taken into consideration. However, it is important to know what is offered to children.

The "secure" child can wade happily among any number of stories more or less related to his own experience. Indeed, in many stories dealing with home life, children come home after school to a mother waiting for them. There are cookies, gingerbread, a piece of pie. The ice-box, to which the children and their friends have free access, yields an endless supply of milk or coke. Older brother or sister drives the family car. Everybody goes on a vacation. To be sure, hardly ever is one truly "rich" in the American sense. Everyone works, but there is money enough for acquiring what is included in the familiar you-owe-it-to-yourself formula —a home, a car, a refrigerator, a washing machine, a radio, and often TV and air conditioning—all those things which are considered hard-earned legitimate necessities for "decent" living.

What is the impact of such secure background stories upon children who do not go home after school, since there is no one home waiting for them, those who know that the ice-box, if there is one, is empty, who never go anywhere because the family has no car, and whose rented sleeping place is more akin to an animal shelter than to a human dwelling?

It is true that children are extremely adaptable to outer circumstances, whether in real life or in books. They are helped in this by their lack of a sense of precise time and space. However, in order to vibrate to a story a child must sense there some point of contact, not with the "props" which indeed are interchangeable in time and space, but with an emotional reaction. Comfortable material conditions create a kind of atmosphere, in which certain chains of emotion are set into action, a pattern of feeling easily recognized by the favored child reading a book which contains a similar picture. But for the child whose family lives below the average American standard of living, that story deals with concepts entirely out of his own experience. It rings no bell within him. He does not know, or rather he does not feel, what the author is talking about. Unable to relate himself to the story, what is there to arouse his interest?

OF ALL THE children's books this spring I wonder how many could hold the interest of my young next-door club members, who are a constant threat to the neighborhood through their irresponsibility and vandalism. Insecure from an early age, what do these youngsters have in common with the well-fed and well-housed child found in so many books? Even his adventures are outside their emotional range, since his springboard is a comfortable home.

Stories about poor children can not be the whole

Mrs. Bishop, well known for her work in the field of children's books, is both editor and author. Her most recent book for children is *Toto's Triumph*.

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answer to deficiency in reading, but they can offer one more chance at cultivating interest in reading for a large group of children who feel outside the groups represented in most present stories. Such stories answer the seldom expressed need of feeling related, the need for a hero whom the child can recognize.

Such books seem to me so desirable that a special section for some of them is presented in this spring list. Some stories take place in the United States, others in foreign lands; this matters little since, alas, the feeling of want is recognized by all. In these books, there are people who do not own their homes, some who do not have a car, some whose job is uncertain, some who have all these disadvantages at once and whose children have to shift for themselves at an early age.

It is hopeful that in the midst of a production which otherwise bears the earmarks of an excess of wealth, it is still possible to find some books which speak the language of the heart of the poor child. Personally, I should like to see even more of them. Since three out of every five people on this earth go to bed hungry, the scope and the appeal of such books is truly universal.

A Selected List of Children's Books

by Claire Huchet Bishop

"HAVE-NOTS" HERE AND ABROAD

The Honest Dollar. By Dorothy Simpson, Ill. by Dorothy B. Morse. Lippincott. $2.75.

The author has succeeded in presenting not a social problem but the lively and convincing story of a twelve-year-old girl coming into her own. The conditions of extreme poverty for the fisherman's family, off the coast of Maine, do create special psychological difficulties that the writer has handled extremely well. 9-12.

Toto's Triumph. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Ill. by Claude Ponsot. Viking. $2.50.

With the help of a funny parrot, a ten-year-old boy secures lodging for his family in present-day Paris where the housing shortage has developed into a public calamity. That's all I can say of my own book, but I can point out that there is feeling and talent in the illustrations! All ages.

Confetti for Cortorelli. By David Fletcher. Ill. by George W. Thompson. Pantheon. $2.75.

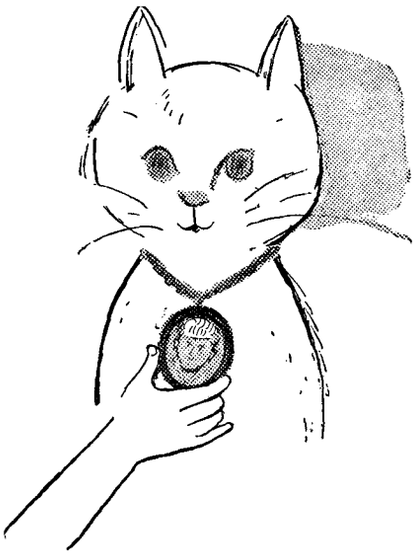
In Sicily a boy has but one ambition —to have a costume and go to the Carnival. Only, this boy is a foundling. What he does is told with real literary skill and a gay sense of the colorful Sicilian atmosphere. Whimsical drawings. 9-12.

Truly Elizabeth. By. Edna S. Weiss. Ill. by Beth Krush. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

A small-town little girl alone in a New York apartment while her father works. General indifference of the neighbors, her loneliness, boredom and catastrophic bits of initiative. An unusual theme well handled. 8-11.

That Jud! By Elspeth Bragdon. Ill. by Georges Schreiber. Viking. $2.50.

Anything that went wrong in Spruce Point, Maine, was laid at the door of the orphan boy Jud, who seemed always to get into trouble. How he takes hold of himself and wins the confidence of the people is very well told. Georges Schreiber's illustrations add distinction to the book. 10-13.



From "I Wish, I Wish" (Houghton, Mifflin)

Wan-Fu Ten Thousand Happinesses. By Alice Margaret Higgins, Hugh L. Robinson and Earle H. Ballon. Ill. by Roberta Moynihan. Longmans. $2.75.

China in recent times and an ignorant, bitter little beggar girl who finally emerges out of material and moral squalor. Though the Christians appear a little too much on the side of the angels, this is a good story, Girls 12-14.

PREJUDICES

Kenny. Written and ill. by E. Harper Johnson. Holt. $3.

An eleven-year-old, son of an American Negro engineer, returns to Uganda. An absorbing tale of lasting value. All ages.

A Lantern in the Window. By Aileen Fisher. Ill. by Harper Johnson. Nelson. $2.75.

A thrilling tale of the Quaker underground before the Civil War. 9-12.

To Build a Land. By Sally Watson. Ill. by Lili Cassell. Holt. $3.50.

Unusual story of two little ragamuffins of Naples who are Jewish orphans and of their adjustment to the life of a kibbutz in Israel, in 1947-48. A very human and exciting story which should be read by Jews and non-Jews alike. Line drawings with character. All ages.

Marya of Clark Avenue. By Marie Halun Bloch. Coward. $2.75.

In the midst of an American neighborhood a nine-year-old girl wants to forget the ways of her Ukranian family. Simply, gaily and effectively told. 8-12.

Julie's Heritage. By Catherine Marshall. Decorations by E. Harper Johnson. Longmans. $3.

Only after she moved into high school did she discover the color line; she had to decide how to meet it. Toughness, escape, withdrawal? Excellent analysis through a convincing story. Older girls.

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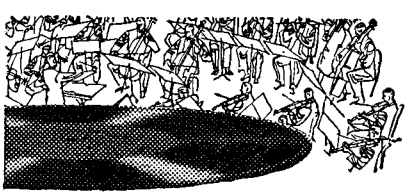

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The Man Who Was Chosen: The Story of Pope Pius XII. By Elise Lavelle. Ill. with photos. Whittlesey. $2.75. 12 on.

My Several Worlds. Abridged for young readers. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $3. All ages.

Madame Curie. By Eileen Bigland. Ill. by Lili Cassel. Criterion. $3. 12 on.

Tom Paine: Freedom's Apostle. By Leo Gurko. Ill. by Fritz Kredel. Crowell. $2.75. 14 on.

Men of Medicine. By Katherine B. Shippen. Ill. by Anthony Ravielli. Viking. $3.50.

Leonardo da Vinci. By John Thomas. With ill. from sketchbooks of Leonardo da Vinci. Criterion. $3. 14 on.

Mark Twain on the Mississippi. By Earl Schenck Miers. Ill. by Robert Frankenberg. World. $3. 14 on.

Captain James Cook. By John Merrett. Ill. by H. Lawrence Hoffman. Criterion. $3. 14 on.

The Penicillin Man: The Story of Alexander Fleming. By John Rowland. Roy. $2.75. All ages.

ON CHILDREN'S READING

The Proof of the Pudding: What Children Read. By Phyllis Fenner. John Day. $3.95.

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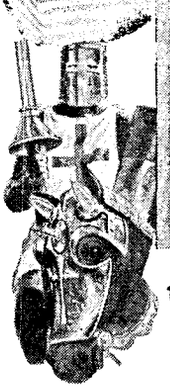

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